



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Princeton University Library



32101 063610271



5010  
.735

~~AMERICAN~~

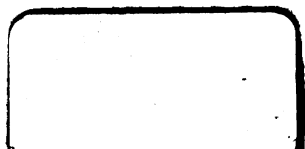
142

Library of  
Princeton University.

From the Library of  
Samuel Miller, D.D.

In Memory of  
Judge Samuel Miller Breckinridge, D.D. '50.

Presented by  
Samuel Miller Breckinridge Long, '03.





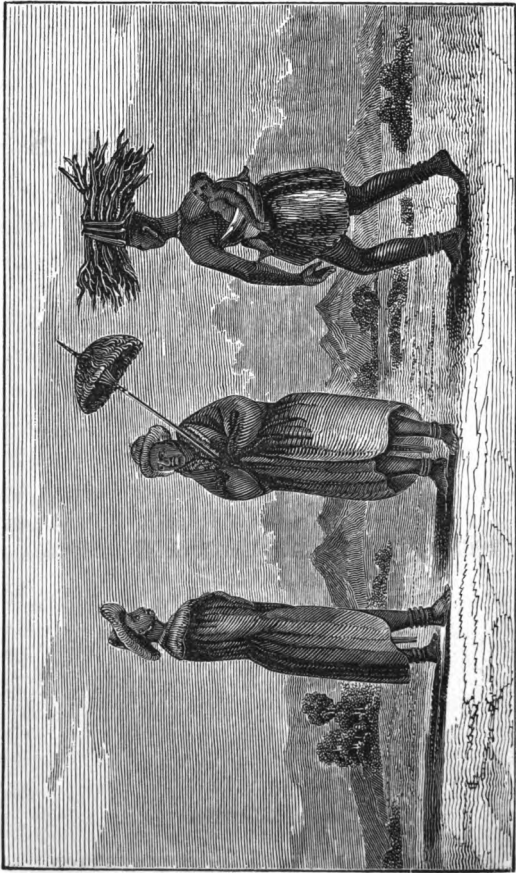












**NATIVES OF AFRICA.**

No. 142  
SCENES

AND

A D V E N T U R E S

IN

AFRICA,

COLLECTED FROM

MOFFAT'S MISSIONARY LABOURS IN AFRICA.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

PAUL T. JONES, PUBLISHING AGENT.

1844.

**(RECAP)**

500

77

10

YTEREVNU

YASBU

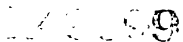
L.M. NOTORAN

~~~~~  
Printed by  
WILLIAM S. MARTIN.  
~~~~~

## CONTENTS.

	Page.
Preface, . . . . .	13
Introduction, . . . . .	17
The Lion and Giraffe, . . . . .	25
The Deserted Mother, . . . . .	27
Singular Traits of the Lion, . . . . .	30
The Fright, . . . . .	33
Thirst in the Desert, . . . . .	35
The Narrow Escape, . . . . .	36
Beasts of Prey, . . . . .	38
The Poisoned Pool, . . . . .	40
Heat and Thirst, . . . . .	41
The Storm, . . . . .	47
The Wild Dog, . . . . .	50
The Sea Cow, . . . . .	51
The Assault and Murder, . . . . .	52
Stratagem for Taking Game, . . . . .	57
Burial of the Dead, . . . . .	58
Wild Dogs Hunting, . . . . .	60
The Hyena, . . . . .	63
Retribution, . . . . .	64

JUN 25 1901



	Page.
The Locusts, - - - - -	67
The Thieves, - - - - -	71
The Lions at Night, - - - - -	73
A Night Adventure, - - - - -	77
Singular Custom, - - - - -	79
The Native Blacksmith, - - - - -	80
Houses in a Tree, - - - - -	83
Native Eloquence, - - - - -	85
The Captive Redeemed, - - - - -	88
Escape from a Tiger, - - - - -	92
The Convert, - - - - -	93
Missionary Success, - - - - -	96
Preaching to the Natives, - - - - -	102
Teaching the Letters, - - - - -	105
Change Effected, - - - - -	108
The Contest, - - - - -	111

## P R E F A C E .

THE following sketches are extracted from a deeply interesting work written by the Rev. Robert Moffat, descriptive of his missionary labours and personal trials in Southern Africa. Amidst a rude and barbarous people, destitute of the advantages of Christian institutions, and engaged in constant and cruel warfare, the situation of the missionary was one of great privation and peril. His courage, however, seemed to increase with the number and magnitude of his difficulties, and being anxiously desirous of communicating to these poor benighted people the blessings of the Gospel, he resolved to remain at his post at every personal hazard. He tried every winning method to gain their attention

and confidence, and to induce them to abandon their savage habits. Long he seemed to labour in vain, but at length he had the unspeakable gratification of seeing them gradually adopting the customs of civilized life, and what was still better, embracing that religion which reveals the only way of salvation. Some of these sketches will point out the pleasing success of his pious efforts to raise the character and hopes of the degraded African.

From the nature of the country, which is wild and uncultivated, the traveller through Southern Africa, is exposed to oppressive heat, hunger and thirst, and to the attacks of savage beasts of prey. Mr. Moffat encountered all these, in his various journeys, with great endurance and courage. Many of his adventures we have, in this little volume, brought together, not only for the entertainment of our young readers, but to give them an insight into the state of the country.

The natural history of animals forms a pleasing subject of study, and we shall have accomplished one of our objects if, by these sketches, we inspire a taste for such studies. All the works of God display his power and wisdom, and the more closely we regard them, the more we will be inclined to reverence the great Creator. Another object, however, we have in view. While our young readers are entertaining themselves with these sketches, we wish them to contrast their situation with that of the poor African, and remember Him who hath made them to differ. The hardships, dangers and miseries on the one hand, compared with the plenty, security and enjoyments on the other, should inspire the reader with gratitude to that God, who is the giver of every good gift. Let the missionary of the cross also be affectionately remembered, who forsakes the comforts of home and friends, and at the hazard of life goes to teach the far



distant heathen. The least we can do, while enjoying our own happy firesides, is to encourage him in his labours, and sustain him by our prayers.

THE EDITOR.

## INTRODUCTION.

**THE** continent of Africa, though probably the most ancient field of geographical enterprise, still is, and there is reason to believe that it will long continue to be, the least explored portion of our earth. Though once the nursery of science and literature, the emporium of commerce, and the seat of an empire which contended with Rome for the sovereignty of the world,—the cradle of the ancient church, and the asylum of the infant Saviour, yet Africa still presents a comparative blank on the map, as well as in the history of the world. Though, according to Herodotus, it was circumnavigated by the Phœnicians long before the Christian era, and its coast was the first object of maritime discovery after the compass had inspired seamen with confidence to leave shores and landmarks, and stand forth on the boundless deep; yet to this day its interior regions continue a mystery to the white man, a land of darkness and of terror to the most fearless and enterprising traveller. Although in no country has there been such a sacrifice of men to the en-

terprise of discovery—of men the most intelligent and undaunted, of men impelled not by gross cupidity, but by refined philanthropy;—yet, notwithstanding such suffering and waste of human life, we are only acquainted with the fringes of that immense continent, and a few lineaments at no great distance from its shores.

The inhabitants of South Africa are separated into three great divisions, Hottentots, Corannas, and lesser and greater Namaquas. From time immemorial these have been the boundaries of their habitations, while the desert wastes and barren mountain ravines, which intervened, became the refuge and domains of the Bushmen, who are emphatically the children of the desert.

All these possess nearly the same physical characteristics, the same manners and customs. I have had in my presence genuine Hottentots, Corannas and Namaquas, who had met from their respective and distant tribes, for the first time, and they conversed with scarcely any difficulty. All use the same weapons, the quiver, bow, and poisoned arrows, of which the tribes beyond are ignorant, except such as border on them, like the Batlapis, who say they adopted that new mode of warfare in order to compete with them and the Bushmen, from both of whom they obtained these weapons, which they have not yet learned to manufacture.

The Bushmen are the most remarkable portion of the Hottentot nation. They are

to be found scattered, though thinly, among all the Bechuana tribes of the interior with which we are acquainted, even as far as the Mampoor lake, about eight hundred miles north of Lattakoo. The Marosa, or Baroa Bushmen, are found of the same description as those just beyond the boundaries of the colony; and from the oldest traditions we can find among the Corannas and Namaquas, who are the unmixed Hottentots, as also from the Bechuanas, it may be demonstrated, that they existed a wandering people, without homes, or cattle, or even nationality of character. That they descended from Hottentots, requires little argument to prove. Connected with each of the towns among that people, there are great numbers of what are called "Balala," poor ones, who stand in the same relation to the Bechuanas in which the Bushmen formerly stood to the Hottentots, and whose origin doubtless was of the same nature. These Balala were once inhabitants of the towns, and have been permitted or appointed to live in country places for the purpose of procuring skins of wild animals, wild honey, and roots, for their respective chiefs.

Though in general they are able to state to what chief or tribe they belong, yet, from want of intercourse, and from desolating wars, which are only waged where there is a prospect of plunder, great numbers of them become, in their isolated position, independent. They are never permitted to keep cattle, and are exposed to the caprice, cupidity

and tyranny of the town lords, whenever they happen to come in their way. They live a hungry life, being dependent on the chase, wild roots, berries, locusts, and indeed any thing eatable that comes within their reach; and when they have a more than usual supply, they will bury it in the earth, from their superiors, who are in the habit of taking what they please. Resistance on their part would be instantly avenged with the deadly javelin. When hunting parties go out to kill game, the Balala, men and women, are employed to carry grievous burdens of flesh to the rendezvous of the hunters; in return for which they receive the offals of the meat, and are made drudges so long as the party remains. They are never permitted to wear the furs of foxes and other animals they obtain. The flesh they may eat; but the skins are conveyed to the towns, for which they obtain a small piece of tobacco, or an old spear or knife. Indeed, all the valuable skins of the larger animals, which they sometimes procure by hunting and pitfalls, as well as the better portions of the meat, they have to yield to their nominal masters, except when they succeed in secreting the whole for their own use. From the famishing life to which they are exposed, their external appearance and stature are precisely to the Bechuanas what the Bushmen are to the Hottentots.

Their servile state, their scanty clothing, their exposure to the inclemency of the

weather, and their extreme poverty, have, as may be easily conceived, a deteriorating influence on their character and condition. They are generally less in stature, and though not deficient in intellect, the life they lead gives a melancholy cast to their features, and from constant intercourse with beasts of prey and serpents in their path, as well as exposure to harsh treatment, they appear shy, and have a wild and frequently quick suspicious look. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is remembered that they associate with savage beasts, from the lion that roams abroad by night and day, to the deadly serpent which infests their path, keeping them always on the alert during their perambulations. All this and much more which might be said of the Balala, may also with the strictest propriety be affirmed of the Bushmen. Any one familiarly acquainted with the interior, can have no doubt as to the origin and the correctness of the description given of the "Bechuana Bushmen," as Mr. Campbell calls them, and of whom he says, "they are a people greatly despised by all the surrounding tribes." Their numbers have also been increased by fugitives from other towns and villages, which have been reduced by devastating wars from peace and plenty, to the most abject poverty, and the inhabitants forced to flee to the desert for sustenance, hardly disputed with the beasts of prey! From this class of people, the Tamahas, or Red people, as the etymology of the word imports,

who are by the Griquas called Red Kafirs, arose. They formed a considerable body in the days of Molehabangue the father of Mothiabi, the present chief of the Batlapis, who, in his commandoes for the capture of cattle, was wont to take them with him. Taught this mode of warfare, and being of an intrepid character, they sallied forth and took cattle for themselves, which Molehabangue's generous disposition allowed them to keep, and they became an independent tribe, continuing the faithful allies of the Batlapis.

That such were the Bushmen formerly, there can be no doubt; and it is equally certain their numbers were increased by parties of Hottentots, robbed, and compelled to abandon for ever the land of their ancestors; and who naturally sought to satisfy their wants by a predatory warfare, and thus taught the Bushmen to become the pirates of the desert. Hence arose that kind of policy, once sanctioned by the Cape colonial government, of extermination, on which it is impossible to reflect without horror. It appears from the earliest records on the subject, and especially from the journals of those engaged in the work, that the Bushmen were once very numerous. I have traversed those regions in which, according to the testimony of the farmers, thousands once dwelt, drinking at their own fountains, and killing their own game; but now, alas, scarcely a family is to be seen! It is impossible to look over these now uninhabited plains and mountain-glens

without feeling the deepest melancholy, while the winds moaning in the vale seem to echo back the sound, "Where are they?" In this more enlightened age, the farmers cannot refer to the melancholy history of that unfortunate race without feelings of regret, while it is but justice to add, that many of the farmers made strenuous efforts, and collected thousands of cattle and sheep, which they presented to the neighbouring Bushmen, hoping to induce them to settle, and live by breeding cattle; but these efforts always failed. It was too late; past sufferings, and past offences on both sides, had produced a spirit of hatred so universal, that it was of no avail to pacify one party, while thousands were thirsting for revenge and plunder. Their numbers are now comparatively few, even among the tribes far beyond the present limits of the colony, from the same mutual strife.

The Kafirs, the next African tribe to which I shall briefly refer, live beyond the Fish River, on the eastern boundary of the colony. At an earlier period they possessed much of that part of Albany now inhabited by English farmers and Hottentots, though it is presumed, on very good grounds, that the Hottentot country formerly extended a considerable distance into that of the Kafirs. The Kafirs form one tribe of the Great Becuana family, and probably emigrated from the direction of Delagoa Bay, till they came in contact with the Hottentots along the coast. Their origin must be traced to the same



source as that of the numerous tribes of the Bechuanas, from the affinity of languages spoken throughout the eastern part of the continent of Africa. Their national character is bold and warlike, and their maintaining their independence to the present day, after all their conflicts with the colony, and especially in the late war, when no less a sum than two hundred and forty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four pounds, was expended in the destructive, but fruitless conflict, in order to drive them from the mountain-passes, and the impenetrable jungles, a country over which their ancestors had swayed the sceptre for ages, is a decisive evidence of their martial spirit. Their country is bounded by the ocean on the south, and a range of mountains on the north, and beyond them lie the Amapondo and Zoolu tribes.

North of Kafir-land, between the Winterberg mountains and the higher branches of the Yellow River, lies the country inhabited by the Basutos, a tribe of Bechuanas. Since the days of Chaka, the tyrant of the Zoolus, who oppressed them from the east, while the Bergenaars on the west were exercising dreadful barbarities, and reduced most of the tribes to extreme poverty; they have risen again in a fertile country, to comparative affluence.

Beyond the Basutos, to the north of the Orange River, lie the other Bechuana tribes, whose numbers and extent we have not yet been able to learn.

# SCENES AND ADVENTURES

IN

## AFRICA.

---

### THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

ON our route homeward we halted at a spot where a novel scene once occurred, and which was described by an individual who witnessed it when a boy. Near a very small fountain, which was shown to me, stood a camel thorn-tree, (*Acacia Giraffe*.) It was a stiff tree, about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. Many years ago, the relater, then a boy, was returning to his village, and having turned aside to the fountain for a drink, lay down on the bank, and fell asleep. Being awoke by the piercing rays of the sun, he saw, through the bush behind which he lay, a giraffe browsing at ease on the tender shoots of the tree, and, to his horror, a lion, creeping like a cat, only a dozen yards from him, preparing to pounce on his prey. The lion eyed the giraffe for a few moments, his body gave a shake, and he bounded into the

air, to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned his stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of the mass of thorns, like spikes, and the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed the example, expecting, as a matter of course, that the enraged lion would soon find his way to the earth. Some time afterwards, the people of the village, who seldom visited that spot, saw the eagles hovering in the air; and as it is almost always a certain sign that the lion has killed game, or some animal is lying dead, they went to the place, and sought in vain till, coming under the lee of the tree, their olfactory nerves directed them to where the lion lay dead in his thorny bed. I still found some of his bones under the tree, and hair on its branches, to convince me of what I scarcely could have credited.

The lion will sometimes manage to mount the back of a giraffe, and, fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebræ of the neck, when both fall; and oftentimes the lion is lamed for his trouble. If the giraffe happens to be very strong, he succeeds in bringing his rider to the ground. Among those that we shot on our journey, the healed wounds of the lion's claws on the shoulder, and marks of his teeth on the back of the neck, gave us ocular demonstration that two of them had carried the monarch of the forest on their backs, and yet come off triumphant.

## THE DESERTED MOTHER.

ON reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, and charms even the savage ear: "My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm." I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless, or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, "Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?" to which she replied, "I am a woman; I have been here four days; my children have left me here to die." "Your children!" I interrupted. "Yes," raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom, "my own children, three sons and two daughters." They are gone," pointing with her finger, "to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die." "And pray why did they leave you?" I inquired. Spreading out her hands, "I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do." This

last sentence was more than I could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised that she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound, and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and, raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, "I hear the lions; but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent." At this moment the wagon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed that it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that, as I could not stay, I would put her into the wagon and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. Others addressed her, but all to no effect. She replied, that if we took her, and left her at another village, they would only do the same thing again. "It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again." The sun was now piercingly hot; the oxen were raging in the yoke, and we ourselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles; telling her we should return in two days, and stop the night, when she would be

able to go with us; only she must keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh, if they did not scent her. We then pursued our course; and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, we came to a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though the water was almost too muddy to go down our throats.

On our return to the spot, according to promise, we found the old woman and every thing gone, but, on examination, discovered the footmarks of two men, from the hills referred to, who appeared to have taken her away. Several months afterwards I learned, from an individual who visited the station, that the sons, seeing from a distance the wagon halt at the spot, where they had so unnaturally left their mother to perish, came to see, supposing the travellers had been viewing the mangled remains of their mother. Finding her alive, and supplied with food, and on her telling the story of the strangers' kindness, they were alarmed, and dreading the vengeance of the great chief, whom they supposed me to be, took her home, and were providing for her with more than usual care. I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice; in reply to which they would only laugh. It may be imagined that people might devote their friends, and nobles their first born, like the Carthaginians, to appease some offended deity; and that mothers, too, should smile on the infants their own hands had murdered, from similar motives;

but it appears an awful exhibition of human depravity, when children compel their parents to perish for want, or to be devoured by beasts of prey in a desert, from no other motive than sheer laziness, or to get quit of those on whose breasts they hung in helpless infancy, whose lips first directed their vocal powers, whose hand led them through many a weary waste, and who often suffered the most pinching want, that the babes whom nature taught them to love might be supplied. I have more than once handed food to a hungry mother, who appeared to have fasted for a month, when she would just taste it, and give it to her child, when, perhaps, that very child, instead of returning grateful services to the infancy of old age, leaves that mother to perish from hunger.



### SINGULAR TRAITS IN THE LION.

MUCH has been written about African lions, but the half has not been told. The following trait in their character may not be intrusive, or partaking of the marvellous, with which the tales of some travellers are said to abound. I give it as received from men of God, and men who had been experienced Nimrods too. The old lion, when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself, or when numbers together happen

to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe and rest for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the meantime the others draw around and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the titbits of the carcase, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires; the others, watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. This was what Africaner called better manners than those of the Namaquas.

Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their footmarks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept towards a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then



arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from whence he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up towards the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn towards the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the mean time two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said, and fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."





THE FRIGHT.

## THE FRIGHT.

THE following fact will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travellers are sometimes exposed. A man belonging to Mr. Schmelen's congregation, at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his

hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed; the man, in describing it, said, he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its

head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no further, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.



## THIRST IN THE DESERT.

BEING disappointed in the object of our journey, we endeavoured to reach home by a shorter route further to the east on the borders of the southern Zahara desert, which lies between Namaqua-land and the country of the Bechuanas. We had nearly paid dear for our haste, for we found ourselves in a plain of deep sand, and were on the point of abandoning the wagon. Each went in search of water, but it was in vain, we found only water melons, and those as bitter as gall. I shall never forget the ghastly looks of our party—nothing could provoke a smile. Some had started off in the direction of a river called 'Kam Toaap, which signifies "the water is done," where they happily found some, and (after drinking largely themselves) filled their calabashes and returned; but before reaching the wagon, their thirst again became excessive, and by the

next morning they had nearly finished all they had reserved for us. On my tasting the water, and it was indeed but a taste, for I wished that others should wet their lips, the rage for water seemed to increase, and we hastened towards the river. - When we reached the top of the deep bed of the river, a scene presented itself which, though twenty-three years have elapsed, is as fresh to my mind as though it occurred but yesterday. Two of the men who had preceded us, immediately seized the thong of the two leading oxen, to prevent them from precipitating themselves with the wagons down the rugged steep, after the example of wiser heads; for all the people, without exception, rushed down the bank, some kept their feet, others rolled, and some tumbled headlong into the muddy pool, in which they seemed fain to lie, clothes and all. It was well that the water was warmed by the sun's scorching rays, for Africaner, as well as others, recorded several instances of thirsty travellers drinking largely in their heated state, and instantly expiring with their faces in the water.

---

### THE NARROW ESCAPE.

At one of these places I had slept on the ground near the door of the hut in which the principal man and his wife reposed. I remarked in the morning, that it appeared that

some of the cattle had broken loose during the night, as I heard something moving about on the outside of the thorn fence, under which I lay. "Oh," he replied, "I was looking at the *spoor* this morning, it was the lion;" adding, that a few nights before it sprang over on the very spot on which I had been lying, and seized a goat, with which it bounded off through another part of the fold. "Look," said he, "there is a part of some of the mats we tore from the house, and burned to frighten him away." On asking him how he could think of appointing me to sleep in that very spot; "Oh," he rejoined, "the lion would not have the audacity to jump over on you." This remark produced a laugh in me, in which he and his wife joined most heartily; and reminded me of a circumstance in his own history, with which I was well acquainted; for he had been in the jaws of a lion. One night, he, and about a dozen hunters, were fast asleep, with a circle of bushes placed around their fire. When the blaze was extinguished, a lion sprang into the midst of the sleeping party, seized my host by the shoulder, and with his *caross*, dragged him off to some distance. The others, aroused by the scuffle, snatched up their guns, and, not knowing one of their number had been carried off, shot in the direction whence the noise proceeded. One ball happened to wound the lion, and, in trying to roar, it let the man drop from its grasp, who instantly ran off, leaving his



mantle, and bolting among his companions, crying out, "Do not shoot me;" for they supposed for a moment that he was the lion. He showed me the ugly marks of the lion's teeth in his shoulder.

---

## BEASTS OF PREY.

FLOCKS of Guinea fowl would occasionally add to the varied scene, with their shrill cry, and whirling flight, from the open plain to the umbrage of the sloping bank, where they pass the night amidst the branches of the tall acacias. But here too the curse reigns; for the kites and hawks might be seen hovering in the air, watching the motions of the creatures beneath, and ready to dart down, with the fleetness of an arrow, on a duckling straying from its parent, or on a bird or a hare moving too far from the shelter of a bush or tree. The fox also might be seen, stealing slowly along from the desert waste, to slake his thirst in the refreshing stream, and seek for some unfortunate brood which might fall within his reach; and the cobra and green serpent, ascending the trees, to suck the eggs, or to devour the young birds; while the feathered tribe, uniting against the common enemy, gather around, and rend the air with their screams. The African tiger, too, comes in for a share of the feathered spoil. With his sharp claws he ascends the trees, in the

dead of night, and seizes the Guinea fowls on their aerial roost. The hyena, also, here seeks his spoil, and gorges some strayed kid, or pursues the troop for the new-fallen antelope or foal; and, to fill up the picture, the lion may be heard in the distance, roaring for his prey; while man,

“The great enemy to man,”

is no less so to fish or fowl, or spotted deer. Wherever he wanders he seeks to regale his varied appetite; and more than this, he, as the enemy of enemies, fears not to attack the ponderous elephant, face the lion's glare, and for his amusement lay prostrate in the dust the innocent.

Reclining on a rock one day, waiting till my shirt, which I had washed, was dry, I noticed a crow rise from the earth, carrying something dangling in its talons. On directing my companions to the sight, they said, “It is only a crow with a tortoise; you will see it fall presently;” and down it fell. The crow descended, and up went the tortoise again to a still greater height, from which it dropped, and the crow instantly followed. I hastened with one of the men to the spot, and scared away the crow from the mangled tortoise, on which it was enjoying a feast. On looking around the flat rock, there were many wrecks of former years; and on my remarking I did not think that the crow was so cunning, my companion replied, “The kites do the same thing;” which I have since frequently observed.

## THE POISONED POOL.

ON one occasion I was remarkably preserved, when all expected that my race was run. We had reached the river early in the afternoon, after a dreadfully scorching ride across a plain. Three of my companions, who were in advance, rode forward to a Bushman village, on an ascent some hundred yards from the river. I went, because my horse would go, towards a little pool on a dry branch, from which the flood or torrent had receded to the larger course. Dismounting, I pushed through a narrow opening in the bushes, and lying down took a hearty draught. Immediately on rising I felt an unusual taste in my mouth, and looking attentively at the water, and the temporary fence around it, it flashed across my mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. I came out, and meeting one of our number, who had been a little in the rear, just entering, told him my suspicion.

At that moment a Bushman from the village came running breathless, and apparently terrified, took me by the hand, as if to prevent my going to the water, talking with great excitement, though neither I nor my companions could understand him; but when I made signs that I had drunk, he was speechless for a minute or two, and then ran off to the village. I followed; and on again dismount-

ing, as I was beginning to think for the last time, the poor Bushmen and women looked on me with eyes which bespoke heartfelt compassion. My companions expected me to fall down every moment; not one spoke. Observing the downcast looks of the poor Bushmen, I smiled, and this seemed to operate on them like an electric shock, for all began to babble and sing; the women striking their elbows against their naked sides, expressive of their joy. However, I began to feel a violent turmoil within, and a fulness of the system, as if the arteries would burst, while the pulsation was exceedingly quick, being accompanied with a slight giddiness in the head. We made the natives understand that I wanted the fruit of the solanum, which grows in those quarters nearly the size and shape of an egg, and which acts as an emetic. They ran in all directions, but sought in vain. By this time I was covered with a profuse perspiration, and drank largely of pure water. The strange and painful sensation which I had experienced gradually wore away, though it was not entirely removed for some days.

---

### HEAT AND THIRST.

WE continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the

long-wished for "waterfall," so named, because when it rains, water sometimes falls, though in small quantities; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We allowed our poor worn-out horses to go where they pleased, and having kindled a small fire, and produced a little saliva by smoking a pipe, we talked about our lost companions, who happened for their comfort to have the morsel of meat, and who, as Jantye thought, would wander from the position in which we left them towards the river. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us, was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. I felt as if engaged during my short repose, in roving among ambrosial bowers of paradisaical delight, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps; it was the night wind falling on my ears from the neighbouring hill. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount, flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These Elysian pleasures continued till morning dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. We were, however, somewhat less fatigued, but wanted water, and had re-

course to another pipe before we could articulate a word.

My companion then directed me to a projecting rock, near the top of the hill, where, if there was water at all, it would be found. I took up the gun to proceed in that direction, while he went in search of the horses, which we feared might have been devoured by the lion. I ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there were any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent was very laborious, but I would have given any thing to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Levelling my piece at two that seemed the most fierce, as I was about to touch the trigger, the thought

occurred, I have escaped, let me be thankful; therefore I left them uninjured, perhaps with the gratification of having given me a fright.

Jantye soon appeared with the horses. My looks, more expressive than words, convincing him there was no water, we saddled the poor animals, which, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We now directed our course towards Witte Water, where we could scarcely hope to arrive before afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain, where the delusive mirage tantalized our feelings with exhibitions of the loveliest pictures, of lakes and pools studded with lovely islets, and towering trees moving in the breeze on their banks. In some might be seen the bustle of a mercantile harbour, with jetties, coves, and moving rafts and oars; in others, lakes so lovely, as if they had just come from the hand of the Divine artist, a transcript of Eden's sweetest views, but all the result of highly rarefied air, or the reflected heat of the sun's rays on the sultry plain. Sometimes, when the horses and my companion were some hundred yards in advance, they appeared as if lifted from the earth, or moving like dark living pillars in the air. Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and

the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock; the shrubs sapless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

We felt an irresistible inclination to remain at any bush which could afford the least shelter from the noonday's sun, the crown of the head having the sensation as if covered with live coal, and the mind wandering. My companion became rather wild. Having been anxious to spare him all the toil possible, I had for a long time carried the gun; he asked for it, apparently to relieve me, but his motions were such that I was glad to recover possession of it.

My difficulties and anxieties were now becoming painful in the extreme, not knowing any thing of the road, which was in some places hardly discernible, and in my faithful guide hope had died away. The horses moved at the slowest pace, and that only when driven, which effort was laborious in the extreme. Speech was gone, and every thing expressed by signs, except when we had recourse to a pipe, and for which we now began to lose our relish. After sitting a long while under a bush, oh! what a relief I felt when my guide pointed to a distant hill, near to which water lay. Courage re-



vived, but it was with pain and labour that we reached it late in the afternoon. Having still sufficient judgment not to go at once to drink, it was with great difficulty I prevented my companion doing that, which would almost instantly have proved fatal to him. Our horses went to the pool, and consumed nearly all the water, for it appeared that some wild horses had shortly before slaked their thirst at this spot, leaving for us but little, and that polluted.

Becoming cooler after a little rest, we drank, and though moving with animalcules, muddy, and nauseous with filth, it was to us a reviving draught. We rested and drank, till the sun sinking in the west, compelled us to go forward, in order to reach Griqua Town that night. Though we had filled our stomachs with water, if such it might be called, for it was grossly impure, thirst soon returned with increased agony; and painful was the ride and walk, for they were alternate, until we reached at a late hour the abode of Mr. Anderson.

Entering the door speechless, haggard, emaciated, and covered with perspiration and dust, I soon procured by signs, that universal language, for myself and my companion a draught of water. Mr. A., expecting such a visitor from the moon, as soon as from Namaqua-land, was not a little surprised to find who it was. Kind-hearted Mrs. A. instantly prepared a cup of coffee and some food, which I had not tasted for three days;

and I felt all the powers of soul revive, as if I had talked with angels—it was to me a “feast of reason and a flow of soul.”

Retiring to rest, the couch, though hard, appeared to me a downy bed; I begged Mr. A. just to place within my reach half a bucket of water; this he kindly and prudently refused, but left me with a full tumbler of unusual size; such, however, was my fevered condition, that no sooner was he gone than I drank the whole. After reviewing the past, and looking upward with adoring gratitude, I fell asleep, and arose in the morning as fresh as if I had never seen a desert, nor felt its thirst. We remained here a few days, in the course of which our lost companions arrived, having, as we rightly supposed, wandered towards the river, and escaped the thirst which had nearly terminated our career in the desert.

---

### THE STORM.

IN the afternoon, when bidding farewell to the dear brethren, with whom I could have wished to pass a month, Mr. A. remarked that the weather to the westward looked like a storm; but as these appearances often pass over without a drop of rain, we set off, and trusting to the strength of our recruited horses, we hoped to pass through the desert to the Orange river without much suffering. Mrs. A. had provided us with some biscuit,

which one of the men placed in a sack also containing tobacco. We intended to sleep at Witte Water that night, but long before we reached that place, we were overtaken by an awful storm of thunder. The peals were deafening, and our horses frequently started from each other at the vivid glare of the lightning. It poured torrents, so that by the time we reached the spot where we intended to halt we were drenched to the skin. We let our horses go, and sat down like half-drowned fowls, at a bush which could afford us no shelter either from wind or rain. After the vehemence of the storm had abated, we began to think what must be done, for, by the falling hail and piercing wind, we trembled as if we should die with cold. After much patient search, we found a very few substances capable of ignition, and struck a light in the only box where the tinder was dry, but in vain we looked for fuel to supply our fire. We threw most of our clothes off, for the suffering with them on was unbearable, and leaving one to blow the fire, we sallied forth in quest of materials to burn. At some distance we succeeded in gathering a few small branches, when we found at least four hyenas looking on in a most daring manner, and resolved to attack us. Such as had both hands occupied, soon relieved one, and with stones scared them a little. But, alas! the light of the little fire we had left had disappeared, and we knew not the direction from which we had come. We

shouted to the man who had remained with it, but no answer, save the ugly howl of the hyenas. Now we were completely bewildered, every one pointing in a different direction, as that in which we had come. A second storm pelted us most unmercifully, and the wind seemed to penetrate through and through our almost naked frames. After a long search, we found the little bush, the man asleep, and the fire out. We threw down our crow-nests which we had gathered for fuel, resolving to brave it out; but the prospect was horrible, of shivering till the next day's sun should warm us. Each lay down in a lump, on a goat skin, which had served as a saddle cloth. Two of us tried to get down to dry earth, for though there had been a stream on the ground, it was scarcely six inches deep. Beyond our expectation, we fell asleep, and as I lay rather lower than some of my comrades, the rain and sand buried nearly the half of my body. It would be vain attempting to describe my feelings on awaking at daybreak, stiff, cold and dizzy, my hair clotted with mud. We crawled off to the pool of rain water, and though very thick, we enjoyed a thorough ablution. After wringing the water out of our clothes, we put them on as they were, being obliged to proceed. Before starting, we resolved to have a delightful taste of our biscuit, but, alas! when the contents of our bag were turned out, we found that the rain having saturated the tobacco and biscuit, the latter

was reduced to a dark brown paste. Smokers as we were, this dish was too unpalatable for us, and a good draught of muddy water had to supply the deficiency.

---

## THE WILD DOG.

As the sun arose towards the meridian, the heat became excessive; and if we had been nearly frozen at night, we were almost scorched during the day; and before we reached water the following night, we would have given a crown for a bottle of that in which we had washed in the morning. Our return was little different from our outward journey, "in fastings oft." A kind Providence watched over us, and in some cases remarkably interposed in our behalf, which the following incident will show. We had passed the night without food; and after a long day's ride, the sun was descending on us, with little prospect of meeting with any thing to assuage the pains of hunger, when, as we were descending from the high ground, weak and weary, we saw, at a great distance, on the opposite ridge, a line of dust approaching, with the fleetness of the ostrich. It proved to be a spring-buck, closely pursued by a wild dog, which must have brought it many miles, for it was seized within two hundred yards of the spot where we stood, and instantly dispatched. We, of course, thankfully took

possession of his prize, the right to which the wild dog seemed much inclined to dispute with us. I proposed to leave half of it for the pursuer. "No," said one of my men, "he is not so hungry as we are, or he would not run so fast."

---

### THE SEA COW.

THE night before reaching home we had rather a narrow escape from a sea-cow (hippopotamus.) We were obliged to cross the river, which could only be effected by passing over two low islands, nearly covered with reeds and jungle.

They were a great distance from each other, and it was now nearly dark. We had just reached the first, when a sea-cow came furiously up the stream, snorting so loud as to be echoed back from the dark overhanging precipices. Younger Africaner shouted out to me to escape, and, springing from his horse, which appeared petrified, he seized a large stone, and hurled it at the monster of the deep, for our guns were both out of order. The enraged animal then made for the next ford, through which two of us were forcing our horses, up to the saddle in a rapid torrent. A moment's delay on our part would have been fatal to one or both of us. The other three men remained till the infuriated animal had got again into the rear, when they also

escaped to the second island, where expecting another encounter, we made the best of our way to the mainland, effectually drenched with perspiration and water. We soon after reached a village of our own people; and it was with the liveliest gratitude to our heavenly Father that we reviewed the mercies of the day. These animals, in their undisturbed lakes and pools, are generally timid, and will flee at the approach of man; but when they have been hunted and wounded, from year to year, they become very dangerous, as the following fact will prove. A native, with his boy, went to the river to hunt sea-cows. Seeing one at a short distance below the island, the man passed through a narrow stream, to get nearer the object of his pursuit. He fired, but missed; and the animal instantly made for the island; and the man, seeing his danger, ran to cross the bank of the river; but, before reaching it, the sea-cow seized him, and literally severed his body in two with its monstrous jaws.

---

### THE ASSAULT AND MURDER.

WHILE Edwards and Kok were in that country, two additional labourers were sent out by the Dutch Missionary Society; but from the hopeless prospect of usefulness, under the existing state of things, they abandoned that field of labour, and returned to

the Colony. The residence of Kok and Edwards among such a people, without being thoroughly identified with them, was necessarily attended with risk, and demanded no common share of personal courage. Traveling also was dangerous, from the Bushmen, who had kept up a constant predatory warfare with the Bechuanas from time immemorial, and upon whom they wreaked their vengeance whenever an occasion offered. Kok and his attendants took no part in these outrages, but this did not exempt them from the inveterate hostility of the Bushmen,—an hostility exercised against all who possessed herds or flocks, as the following heart-rending catastrophe will prove. Kok was accompanied by two brothers, Griquas, of the name of Bergover, who afforded him not only society but assistance. When Kok visited Cape Town, these two remained behind, but for some reasons thought proper soon after to follow him with sixty head of cattle, and a quantity of elephant's teeth, which they had obtained by barter. On the third day after leaving the Kuruman, they were joined by a few Bushmen, who received from them the offals of game which had been killed. The oxen, however, they possessed, excited their cupidity, and tempted the Bushmen to lay plans for their seizure. The Bergover party consisted of two men able to bear arms, their mother, their wives, and fourteen children. The Griquas soon had reason to suspect the designs of their visitors, by little



provocations which their prudence had hitherto overruled. One morning, when the two brothers were working at a little distance from each other, and while one was stooping, in the act of repairing the wagon pole, a Bushman thrust him through with his spear. His daughter, eight years of age, seeing her father fall, uttered a shriek, when she, too, was transfixed with a spear by another. The other Griqua, hearing the alarm, and beholding his brother prostrate in his blood, rushed furiously on the eight Bushmen, who fled. He hurled a small hatchet, which he had in his hand, at the murderers, then seizing his gun, fired, and wounded one in the shoulder, but all escaped, leaving their bows and arrows behind them. Distracting beyond measure must have been the situation of the sufferers, with only one individual to defend them, for days, while passing through the country of those who were sure to renew the attack with increasing numbers. They removed from their frail wagon the ivory, which they concealed in the ground. They placed in the wagon the corpses of their slaughtered relatives, with a view to their being interred during the night, to prevent their being treated with that indignity which the Bushmen often offer to the bodies of the slain. The next morning they continued their flight, with hearts beating at the sight of every distant object which appeared like a human being; for Bushmen were descried on the heights, watching the

progress of the weeping and terrified band. Another night passed on the plain, a sleepless night, except to the infants unconscious of their danger. Next day, passing a thicket of acacias, a shower of poisoned arrows fell around them, like hail-stones, some of which slightly wounded several of the children. Bergover fired his gun, and they fled, but the attack was resumed. Thus he continued, with the assistance of his boy, urging on his oxen; and though several of them fell under the poisoned arrows, they were quickly replaced by others. In the act of unyoking them, he and his son were both wounded, himself severely; nevertheless, the father continued to defend his children and herds. The gloomy night again set in, with the prospect of all being butchered. The morning dawned on them, and witnessed the closing scene of a catastrophe, at which even those inured to savage life must shudder. Greater numbers of Bushmen appeared, assailing the wagon on all sides; and the moment the father fired his gun, all directed their arrows at the only individual capable of resistance, and to whom the agonized mothers and children could look for help. They looked in vain; severely wounded, he staggered to the wagon, while the Bushmen seized the oxen, and drove them off, with the shout of victory. The wounds were fatal, recollection failed, the words died away on the weeping widow's ear, and in the course of an hour Bergover ceased to breathe.

Here they were, far from human aid ; three women and thirteen helpless children, their only friend and defender being a ghastly corpse. The axle-tree of their wagon was broken, and Bushmen were still hovering around, eager to dispatch their victims, and seize the remaining draught-oxen which still stood in the yoke. Three days and nights of anguish had now passed, without either food or rest. This was a period of terror and despair ; weeping mothers encompassed by wounded, distracted, and fatherless children, could only lift up their voices to God in prayer ; and at that moment, deliverance the most unexpected was approaching. The melting scene which followed, cannot be better described than in the language of an eye-witness, Dr. Lichtenstein, whose description accords exactly with that which I received from the lips of one of the surviving widows.

“The traveller having been joined by Kok, on his way to the Kuruman, and seeing the tilt of a wagon at a distance, writes, ‘We hastened up to the wagon, and reached it before we were observed by any of the party ; at the moment we came up, one of the women seeing us, uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and falling prostrate on the earth before Kok, embraced his knees in a tumult of agony. In an instant after, the children ran towards us, crying, sobbing, and lamenting, in the most piteous manner, so that it was some time before my worthy companion, down whose cheeks tears were





**STRATAGEM FOR TAKING GAME.**

streaming, had power to ask the unfortunate woman where her husband was. For a while, renewed sobs were the only answer he could obtain. We looked up, and saw, a few paces from us, a boy about twelve years of age, making a grave with an old iron axe, and near him, lying on the ground, the body of his father, wrapped in a mat. 'The Bushmen have murdered him,' exclaimed the unfortunate lad, and letting his axe drop, he broke out into the most bitter cries and lamentations.' "

---

#### STRATAGEM FOR TAKING GAME.

THE plate exhibits a stratagem, by which the Bushman approaches to game, in the garb of the ostrich. The method is ingenious, though extremely simple. A kind of flat double cushion is stuffed with straw, and formed something like a saddle. All, except the under part of this, is covered over with feathers, attached to small pegs and made so as to resemble the bird. The neck and head of an ostrich are stuffed, and a small rod introduced. The Bushman intending to attack game, whitens his legs with any substance he can procure. He places the feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the bottom part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. Such as the writer has seen were the most perfect mimics of the

ostrich, and at a few hundred yards distant it is not possible for the human eye to detect the fraud. This *human* bird appears to pick away at the verdure, turning the head as if keeping a sharp lookout, shakes his feathers, now walks, and then trots, until he gets within bow-shot; and when the flock runs from one receiving an arrow, he runs too. The male ostriches will on some occasions give chase to the strange bird, when he tries to elude them, in a way to prevent their catching his scent; for when once they do, the spell is broken. Should one happen to get too near in pursuit, he has only to run to windward, or throw off his saddle, to avoid a stroke from a wing, which would lay him prostrate.



### BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

THE following is a brief sketch of the ceremony of interment, and the custom which prevails among these tribes in reference to the dying. When they see any indications of approaching dissolution, in fainting fits or convulsive throes, they throw a net over the body, and hold it in a sitting posture, with the knees brought in contact with the chin, till life is gone. The grave, which is frequently made in the fence surrounding the cattle fold, or in the fold itself, if for a man, is about three feet in diameter and six feet

deep. The body is not conveyed through the door of the fore-yard or court connected with each house, but an opening is made in the fence for that purpose. It is carried to the grave, having the head covered with a skin, and is placed in a sitting posture. Much time is spent in order to fix the corpse exactly facing the north; and though they have no compass, they manage, after some consultation, to place it very nearly in the required position. Portions of an ant-hill are placed about the feet, when the net which held the body is gradually withdrawn; as the grave is filled up, the earth is handed in with bowls, while two men stand in the hole to tread it down round the body, great care being taken to pick out every thing like a root or pebble. When the earth reaches the height of the mouth, a small twig or branch of an acacia is thrown in, and on the top of the head a few roots of grass are placed; and when the grave is nearly filled, another root of grass is fixed immediately above the head, part of which stands above ground. When finished, the men and women stoop, and with their hands scrape the loose soil around on to the little mound. A large bowl of water, with an infusion of bulbs, is then brought, when the men and women wash their hands and the upper part of their feet, shouting "pùla, pùla," rain, rain. An old woman, probably a relation, will then bring his weapons, bows, arrows, war axe, and spears, also grain and garden



seeds of various kinds, and even the bone of an old pack-ox, with other things, and address the grave, saying, "there are all your articles." These are then taken away, and bowls of water are poured on the grave, when all retire, the women wailing, "yo, yo, yo," with some doleful dirge, sorrowing without hope. These ceremonies vary in different localities, and according to the rank of the individual who is committed to the dust. It is remarkable that they should address the dead; and I have eagerly embraced this season to convince them that if *they* did not believe in the immortality of the soul, it was evident from this, to them now unmeaning custom, that their ancestors once did. Some would admit this might possibly have been the case, but doubted whether they could have been so foolish. But with few exceptions among such a people, argument soon closes, or is turned into ridicule, and the great difficulty presents itself of producing conviction where there is no reflection.

---

### WILD DOGS HUNTING.

DURING our stay at this place, a circumstance occurred which may throw some light on the habits of these people, and confirms the old adage, "that the one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." It was at noon-day when a fine large hartebeest

(khama of the Bechuanas,) the swiftest of the antelope species, darted close past the wagon, and descended towards the extensive valley. Startled by so unusual an occurrence, one of the natives called out, "It is the wild dogs;" and presently the whole pack made their appearance, following their leader, which was pursuing the antelope. We seized our guns to attack them as beasts of prey. The poor people who were sitting around their flesh-pots started up and followed, begging of us most earnestly not to kill the wild dogs, for they were their providers. We of course laid down our guns again, and directed our attention to the khama, which was soon overtaken and seized by the hind leg. It turned round to defend itself, and then started off till again seized by the wild dog. As we had in a measure retarded the speed of the pack, about thirty in number, the single dog engaged baiting the khama looked round and gave a piteous howl for his companions to come to his assistance. When they overtook the poor animal they fell upon it with one accord, and instantly brought it to the ground. One of my men ran off in order to secure a piece of the skin of which he wanted to make shoes, but by the time he reached the spot, nothing remained but bones, and those well picked. These the poor people afterwards collected for the sake of the marrow. On further inquiry, I found that these people are in the habit, when they see an antelope, or even an ostrich, pursued by the wild dogs, of

endeavouring to frighten them away, that they may come in for a share of the prey. One of the men, with much feeling for himself and companions, said, patting his hand on his stomach, "Oh, I am glad you did not shoot the dogs, for they often find us a meal."

At another place the poor people were very glad, on the same account, that we had not killed the lion, which had been troublesome to us during the night. These children of the desert very promptly described the manner of the wild-dog chase, which I have since had opportunities of witnessing. When the dogs approach a troop of antelopes, they select one, no matter how it may mingle with others on the dusty plain; the dog that starts never loses scent, or, if he does, it is soon discovered by the pack, which follow after, as they spread themselves the more readily to regain it. While the single dog who takes the lead has occasion to make angles in pursuit of his prey, the others, who hear his cry or short howl, avoid a circuitous course, and by this means easily come up again, when a fresh dog resumes the chase, and the other turns into the pack. In this way they relieve each other till they have caught the animal, which they rarely fail to accomplish, though sometimes after a very long run. Should they in their course happen to pass other game much nearer than the one in pursuit, they take no notice of it. These dogs, of which there are two species, never attack

man, but are very destructive to sheep and goats, and even to cows, when they come in their way.

---

## THE HYENA.

ONE night we heard a woman screaming in the town, and, on inquiry in the morning, found that a hyena had carried away her child, which had happened to wander a few yards from the door. On our expressing astonishment, we were informed that such occurrences were very common, and that after night-fall the hyenas were in the habit of strolling through all the lanes of the town, and carrying away whatever they could seize. As these animals were thus accustomed to gorge themselves with human flesh, it became extremely dangerous to pass the night in the open field, especially on the confines of a town. I pointed out plans by which it appeared to me they might succeed in extirpating them, but they seemed very indifferent to my suggestions; urging as a reason, that there was something not lucky in coming in contact with the blood of a hyena.

One evening, long before retiring to rest, we heard, in the direction of the water pools, the screaming of women and children, as if they were in the greatest danger. I sent off a few men, who ran to the spot, and found

three children who had been drawing water closely pursued by hyenas, which were on the point of seizing them. The men succeeded in driving the animals away, on which they ran towards the women, whom the men also rescued. I understood that it frequently happened, that children sent to the pools for water never returned. Many must thus be devoured in the course of a year, a reflection calculated to make any one shudder.

---

### RETRIBUTION.

THE infection of war and plunder was such, that scarcely a tribe or town in the whole country was exempt. The Batlapis, who of all the neighbouring tribes had suffered the least, owing to their proximity to our station, instead of being thankful for this, authorized one of their number, the king's brother, to go with a body of warriors and attack the outposts of the Bauangketsi. They proceeded as far as the Barolongs, where they met with the Chief Gontse, who received and fed them, being related to the royal family of the Batlapis. Gontse, who was an amiable and sensible man, dissuaded them from such a daring attempt, which could only terminate in their destruction. The chief of the party convinced of this, resolved on returning, but watching an opportunity, when the cattle of the town where

they had received such hospitality and good counsel had gone to the fields, seized on them, and having two or three guns compelled their owners to flee. Elated with the success of this disgraceful achievement, they returned to the neighbourhood of our station. We said nothing on the subject, except that our hearts were sad. The chief of this band of robbers, induced his brother, Mothibi, to convene a public meeting, in order to make a kind of bravado. Spies and sycophants had been sent to hear our judgment on this subject, but they learned nothing more or less than that "we were sorry." This having displeased him, after pointing out to the audience, that we missionaries were the only human beings in the world who did not steal cattle, he declared that instead of being thereby awed, he would show them and the tribes around, that if his name had hitherto been Molala (poor,) henceforth he would be a lion, and such should be his name.

Thus he spoke, and departed with a company to hunt. One afternoon, seeing a giraffe in the distance, he seized his spear, mounted his horse, and ordered his attendant to follow with his gun on another. The master being on the swiftest animal, and evening coming on, he disappeared on the undulating plain, and the servant returned to the rendezvous. Next day, the latter with some companions pursued the trail, found where his master had come up with the giraffe, and appeared

to have made attempts to stab it, and then from the course he took, it was evident he had wandered. They slept, and with the returning day continued to pursue his foot-marks, which in the evening brought them to a spot where a number of lions had been. Beside a bush, where they supposed the chieftain had laid himself down the second night, they found the horse, killed by the lions, but scarcely touched, while the man, his clothes, shoes, saddle and bridle were eaten up, and nothing left but the skull. What was rather remarkable, the master, seeing he was leaving his servant in the rear, turned about and gave him his tinder-box for fear of losing it himself. Had he retained this, he might have made a fire, which would have protected him from the lions, and led to his earlier discovery. This event was too striking to be overlooked by the people, who had frequently heard of a Divine Providence, but they were silent and endeavoured to relieve their minds by driving from their memories the visage and vain boastings of him, who had been devoured by the very beast of prey, whose name and powers were to be his motto, and the characteristics of his future actions.

## THE LOCUSTS.

AFTER several years of drought, we had, in the early part of 1826, been blessed with plentiful rains, and the earth was speedily covered with verdure; but our hopes of abundance were soon cut off by swarms of locusts, which infested every part of the country, devouring every species of vegetation. They had not been seen for more than twenty years before, but have never entirely left the country since. They might be seen passing over like an immense cloud, extending from the earth to a considerable height, producing, with their wings, a great noise. They always proceed nearly in the direction of the wind, those in advance descending to eat any thing they light upon, and rising in the rear, as the cloud advances. "They have no king, but they go forth, all of them, by bands," and are gathered together in one place in the evening, where they rest, and from their immense numbers they weigh down the shrubs, and lie at times one on the other, to the depth of several inches. In the morning when the sun begins to diffuse warmth, they take wing, leaving a large extent without one vestige of verdure; even the plants and shrubs are barked. Wherever they halt for the night, or alight during the day, they become a prey to other animals, and are eaten not only by beasts of prey, but



by all kinds of game, serpents, lizards, and frogs. When passing through the air, kites, vultures, crows, and particularly the locust bird, as it is called, may be seen devouring them. When a swarm alights on gardens, or even fields, the crop for one season is destroyed. I have observed a field of young maize devoured in the space of two hours. They eat not only tobacco, and every thing vegetable, but also flannel and linen. The natives embrace every opportunity of gathering them, which can be done during the night. Whenever the cloud alights at a place not very distant from a town, the inhabitants turn out with sacks, and often with pack-oxen, gather loads, and return the next day with millions.

It has happened that in gathering them, individuals have been bitten by serpents, and on one occasion a woman had been traveling several miles with a large bundle of locusts on her head, when a serpent which had been put into the sack with them, found its way out. The woman supposing it to be a thong dangling about her shoulders, laid hold of it with her hand, and feeling that it was alive, instantly precipitated both to the ground, and fled. The locusts are prepared for eating, by simple boiling, or rather steaming, as they are put into a large pot with a little water, and covered closely up; after boiling for a short time, they are taken out and spread on mats in the sun to dry, when they are winnowed, something like

corn, to clear them of their legs and wings; and when perfectly dry, are put into sacks, or laid upon the house floor in a heap. The natives eat them whole, adding a little salt when they can obtain it; or they pound them in a wooden mortar, and when they have reduced them to something like meal, they mix them with a little water, and make a kind of cold stir-about.

When locusts abound, the natives become quite fat, and would even reward any old lady who said that she had coaxed them to alight within reach of the inhabitants. They are, on the whole, not bad food; and when hunger has made them palatable, are eaten as matter of course. When well fed they are almost as good as shrimps. There is a species not eatable, with reddish wings, rather larger than those described, and which, though less numerous, are more destructive. The exploits of these armies, fearful as they are, bear no comparison to the devastation they make before they are able to fly, in which state they are called "boyane." They receive a new name in every stage of their growth, till they reach maturity, when they are called "letsié." They never emerge from the sand, where they were deposited as eggs, till rain has fallen to raise grass for the young progeny. In their course, from which nothing can divert them, they appear like a dark red stream, extending often more than a mile broad; and from their incessant hopping, the dust

appears as if alive. Nothing but a broad and rapid torrent could arrest their progress, and that only by drowning them; and if one reached the opposite shore, it would keep the original direction. A small rivulet avails nothing, as they swim dexterously. A line of fire is no barrier, as they leap into it till it is extinguished, and the others walk over the dead. Walls and houses form no impediment; they climb the very chimneys, either obliquely or straight over such obstacles, just as their instinct leads them. All other earthly powers, from the fiercest lion to a marshalled army, are nothing compared with these diminutive insects. The course they have followed, is stripped of every leaf or blade of verdure. It is enough to make the inhabitants of a village turn pale to hear that they are coming in a straight line to their gardens. When a country is not extensive, and is bounded by the sea, the scourge is soon over, the winds carrying them away like clouds to the watery waste, where they alight to rise no more. Thus the immense flights which pass to the south and east, rarely return, but fresh supplies are always pouring down from the north. All human endeavours to diminish their numbers, would appear like attempting to drain the ocean by a pump.

## THE THIEVES.

It was not surprising that our scanty supplies, which we were compelled to procure from a distance, were seized by the hungry people. If our oxen or calves were allowed to wander out of sight, they were instantly stolen. One day two noted fellows from the mountains came down on a man who had the charge of our cattle, murdered him, and ran off with an ox. Some time before the whole of our calves disappeared; two of our men went in pursuit, and found in the ruins of an old town the remains of the calves laid aside for future use. On tracing the footmarks to a secluded spot near the river, they found the thieves, two desperate looking characters, who, seizing their bows and poisoned arrows, dared their approach. It would have been easy for our men to have shot them on the spot, but their only object was to bring them, if possible, to the station. After a dangerous scuffle, one fled, and the other precipitated himself into a pool of water, amidst reeds, where he stood menacing the men with his drawn bow, till they at last succeeded in seizing him. He was brought to the station, with some of the meat, which, though not killed in the most delicate manner, was acceptable, and was the first veal we ever ate there; for calves are too valuable in that country to be slaughtered, not only because they perpetuate the

supply of milk from the cow, but are reared to use in travelling and agriculture.

The prisoner had a most forbidding appearance, and we could not help regarding him as a being brutalized by hunger; and, in addition to a defect in vision, he looked like one capable of perpetrating any action without remorse. His replies to our queries and expostulations were something like the growlings of a disappointed hungry beast of prey. There were no authorities in the country to which we could appeal, and the conclusion to which the people came, was to inflict a little castigation, while one of the natives was to whisper in his ear that he must flee for his life. Seeing a young man drawing near with a gun, he took to his heels, and the man firing a charge of loose powder after him, increased his terror, and made him bound into the marsh and flee to the opposite side, thinking himself well off to have escaped with his life, which he could not have expected from his own countrymen. He lived for a time at a neighboring village, where he was wont to describe in graphic style his narrow escape, and how he had outrun the musket ball. When told by some one that the gun was only to frighten him, he saw that it must have been so; he reasoned on our character, made inquiries, and from our men sparing him in the first instance, and ourselves giving him food, and allowing him to run off after he had received a few strokes with a thong, he concluded that there must

be something very merciful about our character; and at last he made his appearance again on our station. He was soon after employed as a labourer, embraced the Gospel, and has, through divine grace, continued to make a consistent profession, and is become an example of intelligence, industry, and love.

---

### LIONS AT NIGHT.

ON the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool, (Khokhole,) we listened on the lonely plain for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and amid the darkness were unable to trace footmarks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand and examined the edges of the pool, to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many *spoor*s of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the wagon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that, either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow

with them, and though I recommended their making her fast also, they very humorously replied that she was too wise to leave the wagon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my wagon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet.

A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking its bones, while its bellowings were most pitiful. When these were over, I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the wagon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen. The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by examination the following morning. From this

surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn bushes, with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone if he did not molest us.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I found that the large, round, hairy-headed visitors were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when coming to my wagon-driver, to inform him of our danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful of them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the wagon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some paces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and



produced any thing but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fat meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expressions of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcass in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch, which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcass instead of himself.

When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the foot-marks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the foot-marks of the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion would eat, but nothing less than a de-

monstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left, and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer.

---

## NIGHT ADVENTURE.

BEING in want of food, and not liking to spend a harassing day, exposed to a hot sun, on a thirsty plain, in quest of a steak, I went one night, accompanied by two men, to the water whence the supply for the town was obtained, as well as where the cattle came to drink. We determined to lie in a hollow spot near the fountain, and shoot the first object which might come within our reach. It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. "What is that?" I asked Bogachu. "Ririmala," (be silent,) he said; "there are lions, they will hear us." A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visitors were two buffaloes, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mosi, who also had a gun,

seeing them coming directly towards us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visitors were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply.

## SINGULAR CUSTOM.

A custom prevails among all the Bechuanas whom I have visited, of removing to a distance from the towns and villages persons who have been wounded. Two young men who had been wounded by the poisoned arrows of the Bushmen, were thus removed from the Kuruman. Having visited them to administer relief, I made inquiries, but could learn no reason, except that it was a custom. This unnatural practice exposed the often helpless invalid to great danger; for, if not well attended during the night, his paltry little hut, or rather shade from the sun and wind, would be assailed by the hyena or lion. A catastrophe of this kind occurred a short time before my arrival among the Barolongs. The son of one of the principal chiefs, a fine young man, had been wounded by a buffalo; he was, according to custom, placed on the outside of the village till he should recover; a portion of food was daily sent, and a person appointed to make his fire for the evening. The fire went out; and the helpless man, notwithstanding his piteous cries, was carried off by a lion, and devoured. Some might think that this practice originated in the treatment of infectious diseases, such as leprosy; but the only individual I ever saw thus affected, was not separated. This disease, though often found among slaves in the colony, is unknown among the tribes in the

interior, and therefore they have no name for it.

---

### THE NATIVE BLACKSMITH.

AMONG the different tribes congregated in this wilderness part of the world, the Bahurutsian refugees were the most interesting and industrious. Having occasion to mend the linchpin of my wagon, I inquired for a native smith, when a respectable and rather venerable man with one eye, was pointed out. Observing from the cut of his hair, that he was a foreigner, and inquiring where he practised his trade, I was affected to hear him reply, "I am a Mohurutsi, from Kurrechane." I accompanied him to his shop, in an open yard at the back of his house. The whole of his implements consisted of two small goat-skins for bellows, some small broken pots for crucibles, a few round green stone boulders for his anvil, a hammer made of a small piece of iron, about three-quarters of an inch thick, and rather more than two by three inches square, with a handle in a hole in the centre, a cold chisel, two or three other shapeless tools, and a heap of charcoal. "I am not an iron-smith," he said, "I work in copper;" showing me some of his copper and brass ornaments, consisting of ear-rings, arm-rings, &c. I told him I only wanted wind and fire. He sat down between his

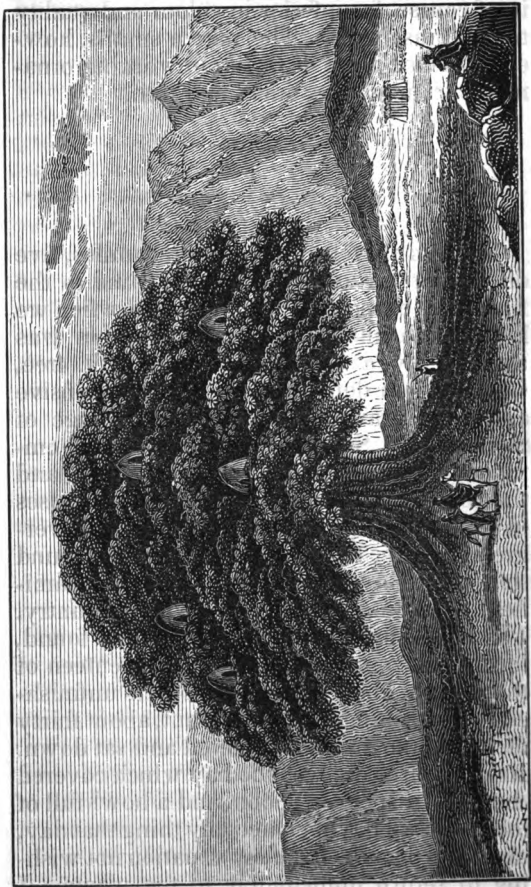
two goat-skins, and puffed away. Instead of using his tongs, made of the bark of a tree, I went for my own. When he saw them he gazed in silent admiration; he turned them over and over; he had never seen such ingenuity, and pressed them to his chest, giving me a most expressive look, which was as intelligible as "Will you give them to me?" My work was soon done, when he entered his hut, from which he brought a piece of flat iron, begging me to pierce it with a number of different sized holes, for the purpose of drawing copper and brass wire. Requesting to see the old one, it was produced, accompanied by the feeling declaration, "It is from Kurrechane."

Having examined his manner of using it, and formed a tolerable idea of the thing he wanted, I set to work; and finding his iron too soft for piercing holes through nearly an half-inch iron plate, I took the oldest of my two handsaw files to make a punch, which I had to repair many times. After much labour, and a long time spent, I succeeded in piercing about twenty holes, from the eighth of an inch to the thickness of a thread. The moment the work was completed, he grasped it, and breaking out into exclamations of surprise, bounded over the fence like an antelope, and danced about the village like a merry-andrew, exhibiting his treasure to every one, and asking if they ever saw any thing like it. Next day I told him, that as we were brothers of one trade, (for,

among the Africans, arts, though in their infancy, have their secrets too,) he must show me the whole process of melting copper, making brass, and drawing wire. The broken pot or crucible, containing a quantity of copper, and a little tin, was presently fixed in the centre of a charcoal fire. He then applied his bellows till the contents were fused. He had previously prepared a heap of sand, slightly adhesive, and by thrusting a stick about two eighths of an inch in diameter, like the ramrod of a musket, obliquely into this heap, he made holes, into which he poured the contents of his crucible. He then fixed a round, smooth stick, about three feet high, having a split in the top, upright in the ground, when, taking out his rods of brass, he beat them out on a stone with his little hammer, till they were about the eighth of an inch square, occasionally softening them in a small flame, made by burning grass. Having reduced them all to this thickness, he laid the end of one on a stone, and rubbing it to a point on another stone, in order to introduce it through the largest hole of his iron-plate; he then opened the split in the upright stick to hold fast the end of the wire, when he forced the plate and wire round the stick with a lever-power, frequently rubbing the wire with oil or fat. The same operation is performed each time, making the point of the wire smaller for a less hole, till it is reduced to the size wanted, which is sometimes about that of thick sewing cotton. The wire







**HOUSES IN A TREE.**

is, of course, far inferior in colour and quality to our brass-wire. The native smiths, however, evince great dexterity in working ornaments from copper, brass, and iron.

---

## HOUSES IN A TREE.

HAVING travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature, protruding through its ever-green foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten any thing that day, and from the novelty of my situation not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman who sat at the door, with a

babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighboring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks; on one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food.

When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load, they removed these for firewood.

As a proof of the necessity of such an expedient as above described, I may add, that during the day, having shot a rhinoceros, we had reserved the hump of the animal to roast during the night. A large ant-hill was selected for the purpose, and being prepared by excavation and fire, this tit-bit was deposited. During the night, a couple of lions, attracted by the roast, drew near, and though it was beyond gun-shot, we could hear them distinctly, as if holding council to wait till the fire went out, to obtain for themselves our anticipated breakfast. As the fire appeared to have gone out altogether, we had given up hope till morning light showed us that the lions had been in earnest, but the heat of the smouldering ant-hill had effectually guarded our steak.



### NATIVE ELOQUENCE.

ON a Sabbath morning I ascended a hill, at the base of which we had halted the preceding evening, to spend the day. I had scarcely reached the summit, and sat down, when I found that my intelligent companion had stolen away from the party, to answer some questions I had asked the day before, and to which he could not reply, because of

the presence of his superiors. Happening to turn to the right, and seeing before me a large extent of level ground covered with ruins, I inquired what had become of the inhabitants.

He had just sat down, but rose, evidently with some feeling, and, stretching forth his arm in the direction of the ruins, said, "I, even I, beheld it!" and paused, as if in deep thought. "There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-coloured cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. 'I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle. This shout

was raised, 'They are friends,' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping to the ground on which he stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, "That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle!" It is impossible for me to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridg-

ment. I found also from other aborigines that this was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.

---

### THE CAPTIVE REDEEMED.

IT has been before stated that I was accompanied to Moselekatse by Mokatla, chief of the Bahurutsi. Dreading being driven with his subjects from his own native home and picturesque wilds, and the tombs of his forefathers, and perhaps extirpated, as other tribes had been—whose bones lay withering in the blast, on the plains and vales which lay in our course,—he placed himself and attendants under my protection, though I was myself a stranger, and had not seen the object of his terror, and that of the tribes around. He hoped that as the missionary character had recommended itself to him, also a savage, he might go and return unscathed, and obtain the friendship of one who, as he sometimes expressed it, “prevented his peaceful slumbers.” His attendants were respectable, all anticipating feasting and favour from one who wallowed in the spoils of war. There was one exception. This was a poor man, whose appearance, dress, and manner, informed me that he was truly the child of poverty, and perhaps of sorrow. This led me to take more notice of him than any other of the chief’s attendants. I felt sympathy for the man, supposing he had been compelled to follow

the train of his chief, and leave behind him a family ill supplied, or some beloved member sick. No; his downcast look arose from other causes. He had had two sons, about the ages of eight and ten. These had been absent in a neighbouring glen, when a party of Matabele warriors seized the boys, and carried them as spoils to head-quarters. He and his partner in affliction had for more than a year mourned the loss of their children, and, by taking a few trinkets and beads, his little stock of ornaments, the father hoped to obtain their release. After a journey of deep interest and a flattering reception, and days passed in festivities and displays of kindness to the strangers, the man sent in his humble petition by one who could approach the presence of the king, offering the little he had to redeem his two boys.

Some time afterwards the proprietor of his sons came and seated himself before my wagon, as I drew near to witness the transaction. The poor man spread his ragged mantle on the ground, and laid on it a few strings of beads and some native made ornaments, valuable to him, but on which the haughty noble would scarcely deign to cast his eye. The father sighed to see his look of scorn. He then drew from his tattered skins, which he had brought with him, and on which he reposed at night, a small dirty bag, containing a few more strings of half-worn beads, and placed them beside the former: these were borrowed. The scornful look was



again repeated. He then took from his arms two old copper rings, and rings of the same material from his ears. The chief answered the anxious eyes of the now desponding father with a frown, and an indignant shake of the head. He then took from his neck the only remaining link of beads which he possessed, and which it was evident he had worn many a year. This, with an old, half-worn knife, he added to the offered ransom. It was his all; and it is impossible ever to forget the expression of those eyes, which, though from national habit, they would not shed the tear of sorrow, were the index of the deepest anxiety as to the result. Neither the man or his ornaments excited the smallest emotion in the bosom of the haughty chief, who talked with those around him about general affairs, maintaining the most perfect indifference to the object of paternal agony before his eyes. He at last arose; and being solicited by one who felt something of a father's love, to pity the old man, who had walked nearly two hundred miles, and brought his little all to purchase his own children, he replied, with a sneer, that one had died of cold the preceding winter, and what the father offered for the other was not worth looking at; adding, "I want oxen." "I have not even a goat," replied the father. A sigh—it was a heavy sigh—burst from his bosom:—one dead, and not permitted even to see the other with his eyes. The chief walked off, while the man sat leaning his

head on the palm of his right hand, and his eyes fixed on the ground, apparently lost to every thing but his now only son, now doubly dear from the loss of his brother, and he, alas! far beyond his power to rescue. On taking up his mantle to retire, he and his party being obliged to leave early to return to the place whence they came, he was told to be of good cheer, and an effort would be made to get his son. He started at the sound, threw his mantle at my feet, and spreading out his hands to what he had offered, said, "Take these, my father, and pity me." "Retain them for yourself," was the reply. He kissed the hand of his pledged benefactor, and departed, saying, *Ki tla na le boroko.* "I shall have slumber," (peace of mind.)

In the course of the following day, a favourable moment was sought to bring the case before the king. He instantly ordered his brother, the individual who possessed the boy, to wait upon me, which he promptly did; and on receiving several pounds of a valuable kind of bead, he immediately despatched a messenger to bring the boy, who was at a distance, and who arrived the following day.

On my return to Mosega, and approaching the base of one of those hills amidst which the town lay embosomed, a human being was seen rushing down the steep towards the wagons, with a rapidity that led us to fear that she would fall headlong. Every eye was upon her, while some said, "It is the alarm

of war." The wagon driver, who sat by me, most emphatically exclaimed, "It is a woman, either running from a lion or to save a child." Yes, it was the mother. She had heard from some of the party who preceded the wagons that morning, that her son was there: she had ascended the hill behind which the town lay, and gazed till the wagon emerged from a ravine. Frantic with joy, she ran breathless towards me. To prevent her coming in contact with the wagon wheels, I sprang to the ground, when she seized my hands, kissed and bathed them with her tears. She spoke not one word, but wept aloud for joy. Her son drew near, when she instantly rushed forward and clasped him in her arms.



### ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

IN one of my early journeys, I had an escape from an African tiger and a serpent, no less providential. I had left the wagons, and wandered to a distance among the copice and grassy openings in quest of game. I had a small double-barrelled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot; an antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, I saw a tiger-cat staring at me between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long

spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This I knew was a critical moment, not having a shot of ball in my gun. I moved about as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly, but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra de capello serpent, asleep on the grass. It instantly twirled its body round my leg, on which I had nothing but a thin pair of trowsers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after me, and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, I threw my piece over my shoulder, and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people at the wagons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted, that had the creature bitten me, I could never have reached the wagons. The serpent was six feet long.



## THE CONVERT.

ANOTHER of these grandmothers, who had wallowed in the very sewers of heathenism, the dupe of all the superstitions of former times, had been an active agent of the wicked

one in opposing the progress of the Gospel. As the representative of bygone ages—for the snows of many a year were seen through the mass of grease and dirt which adorned her head—she was regarded with reverence by the younger females on the station, as the oracle of ancient wisdom. She was wont to tell them what they knew not, of the customs of their ancestors. Had she been a man, her contaminating influence would long have been arrested; for there were those on the station whose influence would have driven her to seek an asylum elsewhere, but she was borne with because she was a woman. She hated the very sight of the place of worship, and had taught many to blaspheme. One day she entered the chapel in quest of a child, and was constrained to sit a few minutes. She had not heard many sentences, when she fled from the hated spot. On the Sabbath following she came again, when all who saw her felt alarmed, lest violence was intended against some one; but she quietly heard the voice of mercy, and retired in an orderly manner. In the course of a few days she came to the author in a state bordering on distraction. “My sins, my sins!” was the language of her lips; tears streaming down her already furrowed cheeks. Her half frantic soul would hear no comfort, nor listen to any counsel. Night after night she would call me out of bed, to tell her what was to become of her soul. One day, meeting her in the street, with both hands she grasped

mine, and, as if her heart would break, exclaimed, "To live I cannot—I cannot die." Again she was directed to the Lamb of God, and the fountain opened for her sins; but she interrupted, by saying, "You say the blood of Christ cleanses from all sins; do you know the number of mine? Look to yonder grassy plain, and count the blades of grass or the drops of dew; these are nothing to the amount of my transgressions." After continuing in this state several weeks, she was enabled to believe, when the being who once persecuted and cursed all who bore the Christian name, a mass of filth, which had given her haggard and aged form an unearthly look, was found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in her right mind, adoring the riches of Divine grace, to one who was, as she would describe herself, "like the mire of the street." Remarking to her one day, that, from her constant attendance on every means of instruction, she seemed like the Psalmist of old, desiring "to dwell in the house of the Lord forever," she replied, "I am old in the world, but I am still a child in the school of Christ." She continued fervent in spirit; the subject of Divine mercy and love so completely absorbing all the powers of her mind, that when visited in seasons of affliction, it was difficult to elicit any thing about her disease; for, if her answer commenced with the flesh, it was certain to end with the spirit. When subscriptions were making for the Auxiliary Missionary Society, she one day brought in

her hand her mite, a pumpkin; and when my wife remarked that she might retain it, and she would put down her name for a small sum, her soul seemed to melt within her, while she asked, "Who is so great a debtor to the Saviour as I am? Is it too small? I shall go and borrow another." This was verily the widow's mite, and was doubtless followed by the widow's reward.

---

### MISSIONARY SUCCESS.

SOME months previous to these changes, Aaron Josephs, who was once a runaway slave, but who had, through the kind interference of G. Thompson, Esq., obtained his manumission for the sum of fifteen hundred rix-dollars, the proceeds of ivory he had collected for that purpose, left his farm for a time, and came to reside at the station, for the sake of the education of his children, as well as to improve himself in reading and writing.

Both he and his wife were steady and industrious, having come from the colony, where they had enjoyed some advantages. He, also, was awakened to a sense of his danger, and having a tolerably extensive knowledge of divine truth, he was soon a candidate for Christian fellowship, and was, with his three children, baptized at the same time with our own infant. The scene, from

the previous state of feeling, was deeply impressive and exciting. Notwithstanding all our endeavours to preserve decorum in the crowded place of worship, strong feeling gave rise to much weeping and considerable confusion; but, although it was impossible to keep either order or silence, a deep impression of the divine presence was felt. The work which had commenced in the minds of the natives received an additional impulse from the above circumstance; so that the sounds predominant throughout the village were those of singing and prayer. Those under concern held prayer meetings from house to house, and when there were none able to engage in prayer, they sang till a late hour, and before morning dawned, they would assemble again at some house for worship, before going to labour. We were, soon after this interesting occurrence, delighted with further results. Aaron and two other men came and offered to take upon themselves the labour and expense of raising a school-house, which would serve as a place of worship, till one for that special purpose was erected. All they required was the plan, and the doors and windows, with their frames, which they would also have made, but they lacked ability. This department, of course Mr. Hamilton thankfully undertook. It was a voluntary act on their part, without the subject having been once hinted at. We had scarcely laid down the plan, fifty-one feet long by sixteen wide, when Aaron, who was



by trade both builder and thatcher, set all in motion. The season happened to be a rainy one, and as the walls were made of clay, there were serious interruptions; but it was nevertheless soon completed; for all who felt interested in the work, even women and children, gave what assistance was in their power, carrying clay, laths from the bushes, materials for thatch, or whatever else could contribute to its erection. It afforded us no small gratification to see the building finished with zeal equal to that with which it was commenced. Many important improvements were at the same time made in the outward affairs of the mission, in which there was no lack of native assistance, while the language and translations were attended to, to supply the wants of those who were now beginning to thirst after divine knowledge.

The building was opened in the month of May, 1829, and in the following month we selected from among the inquirers six candidates for baptism. This was not done without much prayer and deliberation.— These had given us very satisfactory proofs of a change of heart. After particular private examination, separately, they were found to possess a much larger knowledge of divine truth than was expected; and their answers were most satisfactory. It was truly gratifying to observe the simplicity of their faith, implicitly relying on the atonement of Christ, of which they appeared to

have a very clear conception, considering the previous darkness of their minds on such subjects. They were therefore baptized on the first Sabbath of July, when other circumstances concurred to impart additional interest to the solemnity. It appeared as if it had been the design of Providence to call together, from all quarters, an unusual and most unexpected number of spectators from Philippolis, Campbell, Griqua Town, and Boochoap. From these places there were present about fifty Griquas, who happened to congregate here previous to their proceeding on a hunting expedition. These were suitably and profitably impressed with what transpired, for they themselves had been for some time previous in a lukewarm state, and were thus awakened to a jealousy about their own condition, by seeing the Bechuanas pressing into the fold of Christ, while they by their backslidings were being thrust out, and to this we frequently afterwards heard that people bear testimony.

There were also present parties from different places of the interior, who had come for purposes of barter. The place of worship was crowded to excess, and the greatest interest excited by a scene which was indeed a novelty to many, the service being conducted in the Bechuana language. After a sermon on John i. 29, a suitable address was given to the candidates, and when a number of questions had been asked, they were baptized, with five of their children. Among

them was Rachel, the wife of Aaron, whom Mr. Hamilton addressed in Dutch, she being more conversant with that language; the others were Bechuanas. In the evening we sat down together to commemorate the death of our Lord. Our number, including ourselves and a Griqua, was twelve. It was an interesting, cheering, and encouraging season to our souls; and we concluded the delightful exercises of the day by taking coffee together in the evening. Our feelings on that occasion were such as our pen would fail to describe. We were as those that dreamed; while we realized the promise on which our souls had often hung. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The hour had arrived on which the whole energies of our souls had been intensely fixed, when we should see a church, however small, gathered from among a people who had so long boasted that neither Jesus, nor we, his servants, should ever see Bechuanas worship and confess him as their King.

It is only necessary to glance at the records of that mission from its commencement, to be able in some measure to conceive the emotions such a change produced on our minds. We had long felt assured, that when once the Spirit was poured out from on high, and when some of the natives had made a public profession of their faith in the Redeemer of the world, or, in other words, when Jehovah

should perform his promise, great would be the company of those who would publish or bear witness to the same. In this expectation we have been fully borne out by the number of missionaries who have since entered the country, the chapels which have been built, the schools raised, the crowded audiences and flourishing churches which have succeeded, not only at our own stations, but at those of the French and Wesleyan missionaries; and extending from the Winter Bergen, which bound Kafraria, to the Kalagare desert on the west.

Great as was the change, we still rejoiced with trembling; having too often witnessed the successful attempts of Satan to frustrate our efforts, and blast our former hopes, to imagine that he who had hitherto reigned without a rival among the tribes, would calmly submit to the violence done to his ancient rights, without attacking us on fresh ground. His kingdom had at last been successfully assailed, and a breach made, but he who had lately roared so loud might roar again. We therefore felt we needed a double portion of the Spirit that we might be watchful to preserve, as well as to win souls. A great work had yet to be done before we could dare to glory. We knew that there were many prejudices to be overcome, much rubbish to be cleared away. The relation in which the believers stood to their heathen neighbours would expose their faith to trial. Some of them were a kind of serfs of others,

who would rage at any innovation made on their former habits, all of which were congenial to sensual men, and opposed alike to conversion and civilization. But we prayed and believed that he who had begun a good work would carry it on.

---

### PREACHING TO THE NATIVES.

ON reaching his village, after having travelled the whole day over a rough and bushy country, and walked much, I was fit only to throw myself down to sleep. The moment I entered the village, the hue and cry was raised, and old and young, mother and children, came running together as if it were to see some great prodigy. I received an affectionate welcome, and many a squeeze, while about five hundred human beings were thrusting themselves forward, each exerting himself to the utmost of his power to get a shake of the hand. Some, who scarcely touched it, trembled as if it had been the paw of a lion. It was nearly midnight before they would disperse, but their departure was a great relief to a wearied man, for their exclamations of surprise, and their bawling out to one another in two languages, was any thing but melodious. On awaking from a short sleep, and emerging from my canopy, before my eyes were thoroughly open, I was astonished to find a congregation waiting before the wa-

gon, and at the same moment some individuals started off to different parts of the village to announce my appearance. All hastened to the spot. I confess I was more inclined to take a cup of coffee than to preach a sermon, for I still felt the fatigues of the preceding day. I took my Testament and a hymn book, and with such singers as I had, gave out a hymn, read a chapter, and prayed; then taking the text, "God so loved the world," etc., discoursed to them for about an hour. Great order and profound silence were maintained. The scene was in the centre of the village, composed of Bechuana and Coranna houses and cattle folds. Some of these contained the cattle, sheep and goats, while other herds were strolling about. At a distance a party were approaching riding on oxen. A few strangers drew near with their spears and shields, who, on being beckoned to, instantly laid them down. The native dogs could not understand the strange looking being on the front of the wagon, holding forth to a gazing throng, and they would occasionally break the silence with their bark, for which, however they suffered the penalty of a stone or stick hurled at their heads. Two milk-maids, who had tied their cows to posts, stood the whole time with their milking vessels in their hands, as if afraid of losing a single sentence. The earnest attention manifested exceeded any thing I had ever before witnessed, and the countenances of some indicated strong mental excitement.

The majority of my hearers were Bechuanas, and but few of the Corannas could not understand the same language.

After service, I walked to an adjoining pool, in the bed of the river, to refresh myself with a wash, hoping on my return to get something like a breakfast, but found, owing to some mistake, that the kettle was not boiling. The people were again assembling, and again requested me to preach. On begging half an hour for refreshment, the chief's wife hobbled off to her house, and immediately returned with a large wooden vessel full of sour milk, saying, with a smile on her countenance, "There, drink away; drink much, and you will be able to speak long." Having cheerfully accepted this hasty African breakfast, I resumed my station, and preached a second time, to, if possible, a still more attentive congregation. When I had concluded, my hearers divided into companies, to talk the subject over, but others, more inquisitive, plied me with questions. While thus engaged, my attention was arrested by a simple looking young man, at a short distance, rather oddly attired. He wore what was once a pair of trowsers, with part of one leg still remaining. For a hat he had part of the skin of a zebra's head, with the ears attached, and something not less fantastic about his neck. I had noticed this grotesque figure before, but such sights are by no means uncommon, as the natives will hang any thing about their bodies, either for dress or orna-

ment, without the slightest regard to appearance. The person referred to was holding forth with great animation to a number of people, who were all attention. On approaching, I found, to my surprise, that he was preaching my sermon over again, with uncommon precision, and with great solemnity, imitating as nearly as he could the gestures of the original. A greater contrast could scarcely be conceived than the fantastic figure I have described, and the solemnity of his language, his subject being eternity, while he evidently felt what he spoke. Not wishing to disturb him, I allowed him to finish the recital, and seeing him soon after, told him he could do what I was sure I could not, that was, preach again the same sermon verbatim. He did not appear vain of his superior memory. "When I hear any thing great," he said, touching his forehead with his finger, "it remains there." This young man died in the faith shortly after, before an opportunity was afforded him of making a public profession.

---

### TEACHING THE LETTERS.

It was now late, and both mind and body were jaded, but nothing would satisfy them; I must teach them also. After a search, I found, among some waste paper, a large sheet alphabet, with a corner and two letters torn



off. This was laid down on the ground, when all knelt in a circle round it, and of course the letters were viewed by some standing just upside down. I commenced pointing with a stick, and when I pronounced one letter, all hallooed out to some purpose. When I remarked that perhaps we might manage with somewhat less noise, one replied, he was sure the louder he roared, the sooner would his tongue get accustomed to the "seeds," as he called the letters. As it was growing late, I rose to straighten my back, which was beginning to tire, when I observed some young folks coming dancing and skipping towards me, who, without any ceremony, seized hold of me. "Oh, teach us the A B C with music," every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discovery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded.

The tune of "Auld lang syne" was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by succeeding voices till every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heartfelt satisfaction. The longer they sang the more freedom was felt, and Auld lang syne was echoed to the farthest corner of the village. The strains which infuse pleasurable emotions into the sons of the north, were no less potent among these chil-

dren of the South. Those who had retired to their evening's slumbers, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; "for music," it is said, "charms the savage ear." It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste, which enables them to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished by melody and softness. After two hours' singing and puffing, I obtained permission, though with some difficulty of consent, and greater of egress, to leave them, now comparatively proficient. It was between two and three in the morning. Worn out in mind and body, I laid myself down in my wagon, cap and shoes and all, just to have a few hours' sleep, preparatory to departure on the coming day. As the "music hall" was not far from my pillow, there was little chance of sleeping soundly, for the young amateurs seemed unwearied, and A B C to Auld lang syne went on till I was ready to wish it at John-o'-Groat's house. The company at length dispersed, and awaking in the morning after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming their alphabet over again.

## CHANGE EFFECTED.

WHEN I went among the Griquas, and for some time after, they were without the smallest marks of civilization. If I except one woman, (who had by some means got a trifling article of colonial raiment,) they had not one thread of European clothing among them; and their wretched appearance and habits were such as might have excited in our minds an aversion to them, had we not been actuated by principles which led us to pity them, and served to strengthen us in pursuing the object of our missionary work; they were, in many instances, little above the brutes. It is a fact, that we were among them at the hazard of our lives. This became evident from their own acknowledgments to us afterwards, they having confessed that they had frequently premeditated to take away our lives, and were prevented only from executing their purposes by what they now considered an Almighty power. When we went among them, and some time after, they lived in the habit of plundering one another; and they saw no moral evil in this, nor in any of their actions. Violent deaths were common; and I recollect many of the aged women told me their husbands had been killed in this way. Their usual manner of living was truly disgusting, and they were void of shame; however, after a series of hardships, which required much faith and

patience, our instructions were attended with a blessing which produced a great change. The people became honest in their dealings; they came to abhor those acts of plunder which had been so common among them; nor do I recollect a single instance, for several years prior to their late troubles, which could be considered as a stain upon their character. They entirely abandoned their former manner of life, and decency and modesty prevailed in their families. When we first settled among them, we had some Hottentots with us from the Zak river. With their assistance we began to cultivate the ground about Riet Fonteyn; but, notwithstanding our exhortations, remonstrances, and example, the Griquas manifested the greatest aversion to such work, and appeared determined to continue their wandering and predatory habits. At the end of six months the Hottentots left us; and our prospects as to the future cultivation of the ground, became very gloomy. We determined, however, to abide by them; and in wandering about with them we constantly endeavoured to impress upon their minds the superior advantages they would derive from cultivating the ground, and having fixed habitations. After a considerable time had elapsed, we prevailed upon them to try the experiment, and a commencement was made. This event was preceded and followed by a great and visible improvement among them as a body. Considering the circumstances of the people,

much land was cultivated at this time ; and in the following years the land under cultivation was much increased. I have seen the whole valley, from the Fountain to the Lion's Den, which must include four square miles, covered with corn and barley. This refers to Griqua Town alone ; and the ground around the neighbouring fountains was in a similar state of improvement.

## THE CONTEST.

WOULD'ST thou view the lion's den?  
 Search afar from haunts of men—  
 Where the red encircled rill  
 Oozes from the rocky hill,  
 By its verdure far descried  
 'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim  
 Couchant lurks the lion grim;  
 Watching till the close of day  
 Brings the death-devoted prey.  
 Heedless, at the ambushed brink,  
 The tall giraffe stoops down to drink:  
 Upon him straight the savage springs  
 With cruel joy. The desert rings  
 With clanging sound of desperate strife—  
 The prey is strong and strives for life.  
 Plunging oft with frantic bound,  
 To shake the tyrant to the ground—  
 He shrieks—he rushes through the waste  
 With glaring eye and headlong haste.  
 In vain!—the spoiler on his prize  
 Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim's utmost speed  
Is mustered in this hour of need :  
For life—for life—his giant might  
He strains, and pours his soul in flight ;  
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,  
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain ; the thirsty sands are drinking  
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking ;  
The victor's fangs are in his veins—  
His flanks are streaked with sanguined stains—  
His panting breast in foam and gore  
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er :  
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,  
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe.  
—And lo ! ere quivering life has fled,  
The vultures, wheeling overhead,  
Swoop down, to watch, in gaunt array,  
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THE END.









Princeton University Library



32101 063610271

